A POWER COMIC

YOU AND POW — THE PERFECT MIXTURE!

POW!

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EVERY MONDAY
7d.

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SPIDER-MAN

The Greatest SUPER-HERO in Comic-dom fights THE FINAL ROUND with...

"THE MAN CALLED ELECTRO!"

TO GET THE MONEY NEEDED FOR AN URGENT OPERATION ON KINDLY OLD AUNT MAY, PETER PARKER (SPIDER-MAN TO YOU) MAKES A BID FOR THE REWARD OFFERED FOR THAT (LITERALLY) **SHOCKING** VILLAIN, ELECTRO. HE TRACKS HIM DOWN... AND FINDS ELECTRO JUST ABOUT TO RELEASE DANGEROUS CONVICTS...

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 1964

ELECTRO SOON HAS THE CONVICTS ON HIS SIDE...

YOU MEN SAW WHAT HAPPENED TO THE FOOLS WHO TRIED TO ESCAPE WITHOUT OBEYING MY ORDERS!! THEY WERE ALL RECAPTURED!

BUT, IF *YOU* DO EXACTLY AS I SAY--AND PROMISE TO *WORK* FOR ME--I'LL FREE YOU *ALL!*

WE'RE *WITH* YOU, ELECTRO! JUST GET US *OUT OF* HERE!

GOOD! NOW HERE'S WHAT WE'LL--

WHAT'S THAT?!? NO--IT *CAN'T* BE! H-HE'S *DEAD!*

IT'S THE SIGN OF THE *SPIDER!! SPIDER-MAN* IS HERE!!

I KNOW IT'S BAD MANNERS TO DROP IN WITHOUT AN INVITATION, BUT I'M SURE YOU'LL FORGIVE ME JUST THIS ONCE!

YOU SURVIVED MY ATTACK *ONCE*, SPIDER-MAN--BUT I WON'T BE SO CARELESS A SECOND TIME!

JUST STAY THERE AND KEEP TALKING, MISTER! I'LL GET TO YOU IN A MINUTE!

OKAY--THAT'LL STOP YOUR PLAYMATES FOR A WHILE! AND NOW--

LET'S SEE YOU DODGE THIS ELECTRIC BOLT, YOU OVER-CONFIDENT BRAGGART!

HE'S TOSSING METAL BEARINGS IN FRONT OF HIM! THEY'LL DEFLECT THE POWER OF THE BOLT!

ANYONE WITH ANY KNOWLEDGE OF SCIENCE KNOWS THAT ANYTHING METAL CAN ACT LIKE A LIGHTNING ROD--AS THIS STEEL *CHAIR* IS DOING!

YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME! MY CURRENT IS *INEXHAUSTIBLE* --AND YOU'LL SOON RUN OUT OF THINGS TO THROW!

YOU KIDDING? I'M NOT GOING TO SPEND ALL DAY TOSSING THINGS AT YOU!

THESE RUBBER GLOVES I'M WEARING WILL GIVE ME A CHANCE TO MASSAGE YOUR CHIN WHISKERS A WHILE--LIKE THIS!

THUD!

BUT, AS ELECTRO REELS BACK, BRUSHING AGAINST THE METAL CELL BARS, THE FLASH OF INTENSE CURRENT TEMPORARILY BLINDS SPIDER-MAN!

MY EYES--CAN'T SEE!

HAH! ELECTRIC CURRENT REVITALIZES ME! NOW I'LL BE STRONGER THAN EVER!

I'VE GOT TO KEEP HIM AWAY TILL MY EYES CLEAR! THESE STEEL BEARINGS --THEY'LL DO THE TRICK!

HERE, SPARKY! KICK THESE AROUND FOR A WHILE!

BAH! IT'S THOSE CURSED BEARINGS AGAIN!!!

I'LL STOP 'IM FOR YOU, ELECTRO!! HEY--! WHA--?

DIDN'T THINK ANYONE WOULD BE DUMB ENOUGH TO TRY TO SNEAK UP BEHIND A FELLOW WITH SPIDER SENSE!!

IF IT'S ANY CONSOLATION TO YOU, CHUM--I'M PULLING MY PUNCH ALL I CAN! I ONLY WANT TO KNOCK YOU OUT--NOT DEMOLISH YOU!

WHAM!

WONDER WHERE ELECTRO DISAPPEARED TO?

UH OH! THE OTHER PRISONERS ARE TRYING TO ESCAPE VIA THE ROOF! I BETTER HEAD 'EM OFF--FAST! HAVEN'T PLAYED LEAP-FROG SINCE I WAS A KID!

THEN, REACHING THE TOP OF THE STAIRWAY, SPIDER-MAN TURNS, AND...

HEY! DIDN'T ANY-ONE EVER TEACH YOU NOT TO POINT!? 'SPECIALLY WITH A GUN IN YOUR MITT!

WHAP!

LET'S GET DOWN AGAIN! WE CAN'T TACKLE SPIDER-MAN!

ANYTHING'S BETTER THAN FACING HIM!

WE DIDN'T REALIZE HOW SOFT WE HAD IT IN OUR NICE, QUIET CELLS!

LOOK OUT! THE POLICE ARE DOWN HERE!!

YOU WERE EXPECTING MAYBE THE PONY EXPRESS!?

I THINK WE'VE GOT 'EM ALL NOW--BUT ELECTRO'S STILL AT LARGE!

AND, SPEAKING OF ELECTRO--

WELL, WELL! LOOK WHO'S HERE! SO YOU WERE GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN, EH?

YOU MOVE PRETTY FAST, SPIDER-MAN! BUT HOW LONG DO YOU THINK YOU CAN KEEP DODGING ELECTRIC BOLTS BEFORE YOU COLLAPSE FROM SHEER EXHAUSTION!?

LONG ENOUGH TO WRAP YOU UP, BIG MOUTH!

WELL, LITTLE MAN, I HAVE ANOTHER SURPRISE FOR YOU! I CAUGHT THE GUN THAT YOU KICKED DOWNSTAIRS! AND NOW WE'LL FIND OUT WHETHER A BULLET, OR AN ELECTRIC BOLT, CAN GET YOU FIRST!

AND WHAT DO YOU THINK I'LL BE DOING? STANDING AROUND AND WAITING FOR YOU?

HERE'S A BUCKET OF *SAND* FOR YOU TO CHEW ON WHILE YOU'RE MAKING UP THAT SLOW-WITTED MIND OF YOURS!

FIRE

IS THAT THE BEST YOU CAN DO? DON'T YOU KNOW THAT ELECTRIC CURRENT CAN TURN SAND TO *GLASS*?

SURE I KNOW IT! BUT WHILE YOU'RE BUSY SHOWING OFF, IT GIVES *ME* TIME TO SHOOT MY *WEB* AT YOUR GUN--- JAMMING IT SO YOU CAN'T FIRE! DO I MAKE MYSELF *CLEAR*??

LIVID WITH RAGE AND FRUSTRATION, ELECTRO SUDDENLY RIPS SOME HIGHLY CHARGED POWER WIRES FROM THE WALL, WHIRLING THEM MENACINGLY AROUND HIS HEAD!

YOU'VE MOCKED ME FOR THE *LAST TIME!* ANY ONE OF THESE WIRES, IF IT TOUCHES YOUR BODY, WILL RID THE EARTH OF SPIDER-MAN---*FOREVER!*

THIS IS *SERIOUS!* I CAN DEFLECT SOME OF THEM WITH MY RUBBER GLOVES--- BUT IF ONE TOUCHES MY BODY, IT'S *CURTAINS* FOR ME!

HE'S GETTING *CLOSER!* CAN'T BACK UP ANY FURTHER! WHAT HAVE I BUMPED INTO BEHIND ME???

IT'S A WATER MAIN---WITH A FIRE HOSE ATTACHED!!

SAY!! WHAT KIND OF SCIENCE GRADUATE AM I, ANYWAY?? WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THIS *RIGHT AWAY*??

WATER AND ELECTRICITY JUST DON'T MIX!!! NOW, IF I CAN JUST HIT THE MARK IN TIME!!

I *DID* IT!! IT'S A REAL SHORT-CIRCUIT! IT STOPPED HIM *COLD!*

LIFE SURE IS FUNNY! HERE'S ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL CRIMINALS OF ALL TIME! AND WHAT FINALLY BEAT HIM?? JUST A DOUSING FROM A PLAIN, ORDINARY WATER HOSE!

MIGHT AS WELL REMOVE HIS MASK AND SEE WHO HE IS!

IF THIS WAS A *MOVIE*, I'D GASP IN SHOCK AND THEN I'D SAY: "*GOOD HEAVENS! THE BUTLER!*"

BUT *THIS* GUY I NEVER SAW BEFORE!

OH WELL, IT WON'T TAKE THE POLICE LONG TO FIND OUT WHO HE IS!

IN FACT, I CAN HEAR THEM COMING *NOW!* BETTER GET MY CAMERA AND GET *OUT* OF HERE!

HOPE THE PIX CAME OUT OKAY! IT'LL BE THE SCOOP OF THE YEAR!

LATER, AT THE OFFICE OF A SORELY-WORRIED J. JONAH JAMESON...

I'VE MADE A FOOL OF MYSELF! NOBODY WILL BUY MY PAPER NOW! ALL BECAUSE OF THAT BLASTED PETER PARKER!

MR. JAMESON, PETER PARKER IS HERE TO SEE YOU!

PARKER!! YOU MEAN HE DARES TO SHOW HIS MISERABLE FACE AROUND HERE! SHOW THAT BLANKETTY-BLANK ★!?✱-X!? IN HERE! I'LL MAKE MINCE MEAT OF HIM!! WELL--DON'T JUST STAND THERE!!

Y-YES, SIR!! N-NO, SIR! YES SIR!

PARKER, BEFORE I FIRE YOU, I'M GOING TO TELL YOU SOMETHING! I'M SUING YOU FOR FAKE PICTURES--FOR FRAUD--FOR --FOR--ANYTHING I CAN THINK OF!

RELAX, J.J.! YOU'RE NOT FIRING ME --AND YOU'RE NOT SUING ME!

WHAT?!!! WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE TALKING TO??

I'M TALKING TO A MAN WHO CAN'T FIRE ME BECAUSE I'M ONLY A FREE-LANCER! WE HAVEN'T GOT A CONTRACT! AND I'M ALSO TALKING TO A MAN WHO'S GOING TO WHISTLE A DIFFERENT TUNE WHEN HE SEES THE PICTURES I HAVE FOR HIM!

MORE PICTURES? WH-WHAT KIND?

SEE FOR YOURSELF, MR. JAMESON! STILL WANT TO SUE ME??

ACTION SHOTS OF ELECTRO FIGHTING SPIDER-MAN!! THEY'RE THE REAL THING! THEY'RE WORTH A FORTUNE!!

PARKER, YOU LITTLE OL' SON OF A GUN! YOU DIDN'T THINK I WAS REALLY ANGRY,--HEH HEH! DID YOU?

OF COURSE NOT, J.J.J.! EVERYONE KNOWS YOU NEVER LOSE YOUR TEMPER! YOU'RE THE MOST KIND-HEARTED, LOVEABLE PUBLISHER IN THE BUSINESS!

YEAH!--HEH HEH!-- IT'S WRITTEN ALL OVER ME, ISN'T IT! NOW, JUST BECAUSE I'M ALL HEART, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO--I'LL TAKE THESE PICTURES FROM YOU AND I'LL FORGIVE YOU FOR THE OTHER PICTURES! FAIR ENOUGH??

PERFECT! NOW I'LL FEEL I'VE MADE UP FOR SELLING HIM THOSE FAKED PHOTOS BEFORE!

OKAY, MR. JAMESON --IT'S A DEAL!

I'M ROBBING HIM! I'LL MAKE A FORTUNE WITH HIS PICTURES! BUT I DESERVE IT--'CAUSE HE'S A FOOL!

AND, THE INSTANT PETER PARKER WALKS OUT OF HIS OFFICE...

STOP THE PRESSES!! PREPARE TO REPRINT PAGE ONE!! SEND ALL DEPARTMENT HEADS IN HERE ON THE DOUBLE!

WE'RE GOING TO PUT OUT AN EXTRA!!

THE WONDERFUL HAT TRICK

HOW IT LOOKS

You show an empty hat and place it upon the table. After a few appropriate remarks you turn the hat over. To your surprise (?) it is filled with streamers, silk handkerchiefs and dozens of playing cards!

WHAT YOU NEED

(1) A hat—trilby or old "topper"

(2) A "load", i.e. everything that you will produce. Pack the items neatly into a small bundle and wrap them together with tissue paper. Tie this package criss-cross with cotton. *Tie a small loop at the top where the threads cross* (you will see why in a moment). The exact length of the loop is determined by experiment.

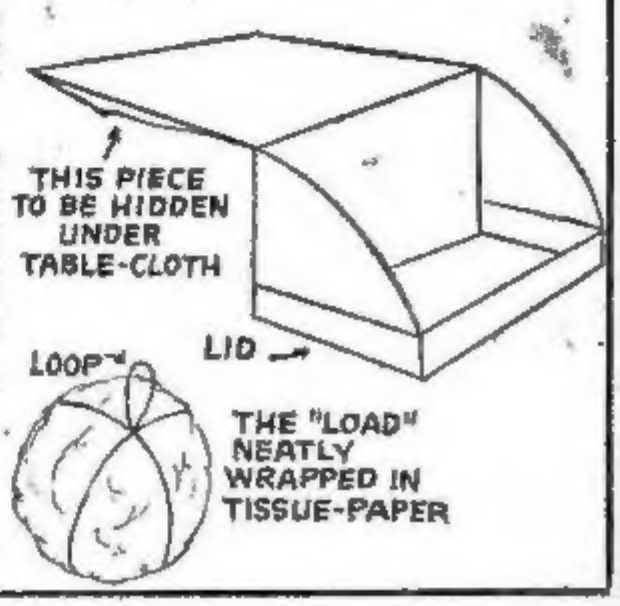
(3) A small, hidden shelf fixed under the edge of your side of the table (conjurers call this a "servante"). This holds the load and conceals it. A kitchen draw is fine—pull it out about three inches. A home-made servante of cardboard should have a low "wall" around it to keep the load from falling onto the floor.

HOW YOU DO IT

Pass the hat around for examination. Place it brim downwards on the table just in front of the hidden load. Remember that loop of cotton? It should be just long enough to put one thumb through at this point in the trick. (This is something you keep to yourself, of course; your audience never knows about it.)

Turn the hat the right way up, open part towards yourself, then towards the ceiling. The secret load will drop into the hat unseen by anyone but yourself—and you aren't telling! Look into the hat. Appear surprised. Break the cotton. Unwrap the load—and produce it!

(N.B. Practise the loading move before a mirror. You will soon see how deceptive it is.)



KICKS

IT'S NOT FAIR! US KIDS GET ALL THE STUPID GAMES TO PLAY —GROWN-UPS GET ALL THE KICKS!

I BET I COULD PLAY GOLF AS GOOD AS DAD!

LATER...

NOTHING TO IT!

CRACK!

SWISH!

RAGH! IF THAT'S KICKS AND HIS CATAPULT AGAIN—!

CRACK!

ROAD U

OOER! I RECKON I GOT A HOLE IN ONE!

HELP! HELP! GET ME OUT!

ROAD U

SAFE ENOUGH HERE! NO COPS ABOUT!

SMASH!

ZOO

?

I'M KEEPING WELL AWAY FROM THE ZOO THIS TIME! I'D BETTER NOT LOSE ANY MORE OF DAD'S BALLS!

HUGE GREAT MONSTROUS THWACK!

PAH! MORE STONE THAN COAL!

OH, NO! IT'S LANDED IN A BUNKER— MRS. PLATT'S COAL BUNKER!

ZOO

TOUGH LUCK, KICKS— I RECKON YOU GOT A BIRDIE THERE!

AND IT WAS DELICIOUS!

GRRR! A LOST BALL!

GRR! WHERE IS IT?

GOT IT! I CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE ANOTHER ONE!

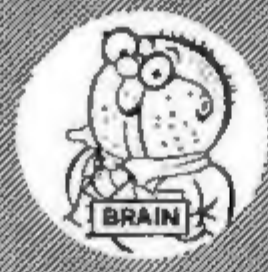
OH, NO! WHAT'S HE BEEN UP TO NOW?

ER- I'VE BEEN PLAYING GOLF!

GRRR! BOLF MY FOOT! NO ONE GETS IN THIS STATE PLAYING GOLF!

OUCH! OOH! OOH! I'LL STICK TO TIDDLYWINKS IN FUTURE! RAGH!

THE GROUP


BRAIN

LUVVY

FATSO

STUPID

SHRIMP

RINGO

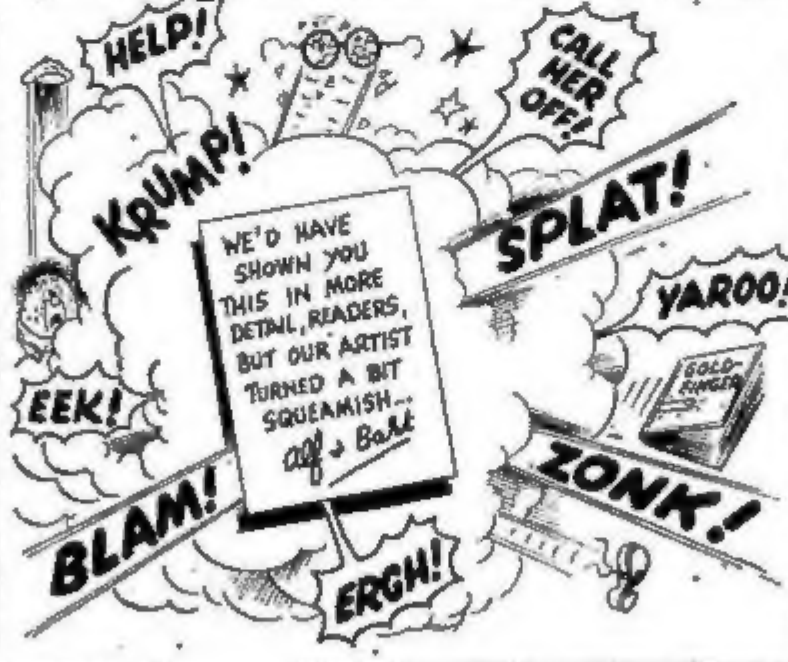
I WISH WE HAD ANOTHER GIRL IN THE GROUP – A GIRL NEEDS ANOTHER GIRL TO SPEAK TO SOMETIMES!
GLOOM
SIGH!

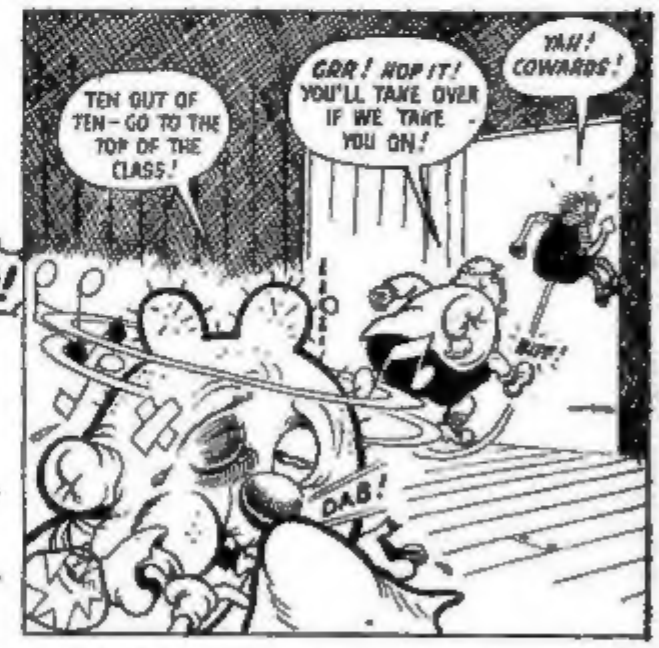
CHEER UP, LUVVY! WE'LL GET ANOTHER DAME IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT!
SHIFT!
PAT!

COO! THAT'S FOR ME!
NOO GIRL WANTID FOR THE GROOP inTervoos To-DAY at The gang hutt
WARNING

THERE'S A GIRL COME TO SEE ABOUT THE VACANCY, BRAIN!
SEND HER IN – I'LL SEE HER NOW!
GOLD-FINGER

RIGHT, THEN – LET'S FIND OUT SOMETHING ABOUT YOU – CAN YOU FIGHT?
JUST WATCH ME!
GLEAM!

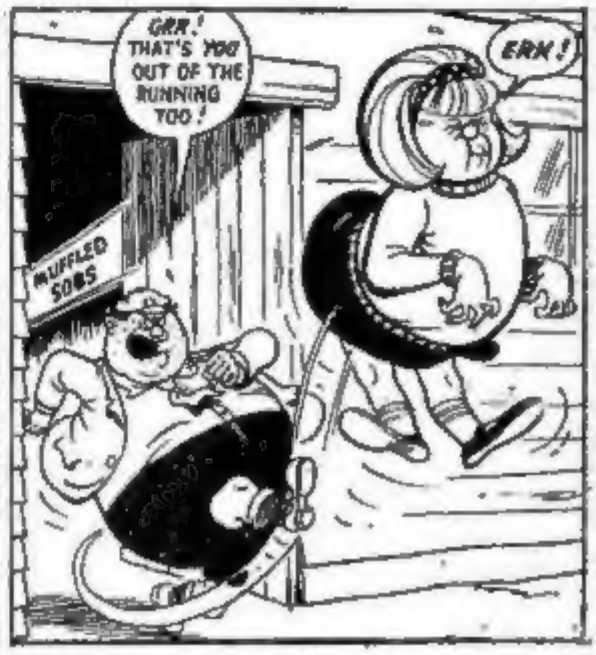

HELP!
KRUMP!
CALL HER OFF!
SPLAT!
WE'D HAVE SHOWN YOU THIS IN MORE DETAIL, READERS, BUT OUR ARTIST TURNED A BIT SQUEAMISH...
Off + Back
YAROO!
GOLD-FINGER
EEK!
BLAM!
ZONK!
ERGH!


TEN OUT OF TEN – GO TO THE TOP OF THE CLASS!
GRR! HOP IT! YOU'LL TAKE OVER IF WE TAKE YOU ON!
YAH! COWARDS!
BUFF!
DAB!

ER – CAN YOU FIGHT? ER – NO – I MEAN – CAN YOU COOK?
COOK? NOT HALF I CAN!
GOLD-FINGER
CRINGE

?????
SNATCH!
GOLD-FINGER

I CAN EVEN COOK BOOKS! SNIGGER!
AAGH! ME JAMES BOND! IT'S RUINED NOW!
GOLD-FINGER
HISSSSS!
BUBBLE!


GRR! THAT'S YOU OUT OF THE RUNNING TOO!
ERK!
MUFFLED SOBS

MEANWHILE IN THE BLACK HAND GANG'S HUT

HEH! HEH! THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO TAKE OVER THE GROUP'S HUT— IT'S MUCH BETTER THAN OUR OLD HEAP!

FALSE EYELASH

SHUCKS! DO YOU THINK I'LL GET THE JOB? HEH! HEH!

BACK IN THE GROUP'S HUT...

WILL I DO HANDSOME?

IT'S NOT GLAMOUR I WANT— CAN YOU DO HOUSEWORK?

FLUTTER! FLUTTER!

CAN I DO HOUSEWORK? I'M BRILLIANT AT IT, YOU LOVELY LITTLE MAN YOU!

WHISK!

TCH! TCH! THERE'S A BIT OF DUST ON YOUR HAIR, DEAR!

KERRASSH!

WHUMP!

BRAIN

I'M ALSO VERY NIFTY WITH A BRUSH!

AAGH!

KRUMP

I'M SECOND TO NONE AT SHAKING CARPETS TOO!

WAA-AAH!

AIEE!

BLAST!

COO! ALL THE MOD CONS TOO!

WHIPPER

"BLOW SUCK"

BLACKFINGER'S DASTARDLY DEEDS HAVE CLEARED THE WAY FOR A TAKEOVER...

HEH! HEH! I'VE GOT RID OF THEM ALL! NOW WE CAN TAKE OVER THEIR HUT!

OH, NO YOU DON'T! I WANT THIS JOB! NOP IT, YOU SQUIRT!

AAGH! HELP! CALL HER OFF!

COULDN'T FIGHT FOR PEANUTS!

KRUNCH!

YELP! THAT AIN'T NO DAME — IT WAS BLACKFINGER IN DISGUISE! WELL DONE! THE JOB'S YOURS!

AAAAGH!

YEAH! JOIN THE GANG— BE ONE OF US!

AAGH! HELP! I RESIGN! KEEP HIM AWAY FROM ME! I'M ALLERGIC TO SPOTS AND PIMPLES!

COO! WHAT DID I DO?

ZOOM

?!?

I GUESS I'VE HAD IT — NO NEW GIRL FOR THE GANG NOW!

AND I SAID TO MOLLY PERKINS, I SAID— IF YOU WEAR YOUR SKIRTS MUCH SHORTER YOU'LL GET COLDS IN YOUR CHEST! I TOLD HER, I DID—!

NOBBY'S NIGHT MARES

CHEER UP, NOBBY! IT CAN'T BE THAT BAD!

HUH! HE'D BE SAD TOO, IF HE GOT NIGHTMARES LIKE I GET EVERY TIME I FALL ASLEEP – AND I'M ALWAYS FALLING ASLEEP!

LOOK AT THAT! HE'S OFF AGAIN!

Z-Z-Z!

IN NOBBY'S HEAD...

YAHOO! NOBBY'S ASLEEP! ON WITH THE SHOW, LADS, POSTMAN'S KNOCK IT IS! SNIGGER!

HEH! HEH! WE LETTERS ARE ALWAYS BEING LICKED – BUT IT'S DIFFERENT HERE – I'M GOING TO LICK NOBBY! SNIGGER!

I'M THE BLOKE WHO PROJECTS THOSE SMASHING NIGHTMARES ON TO NOBBY'S SUBCONSCIOUS MIND – AND BELIEVE ME, IT'S A SNORTER TONIGHT!

TV INSIDE BRAND-CASTS

HEH! HEH! STOP AND BE LICKED! LET'S SEE HOW **YOU** LIKE IT!

AAGH! NO! NO! DON'T HIT ME!

GASP! GASP! I'VE GOT TO STAMP OUT THAT MENACE BEFORE HE LICKS ME HOLLOW!

POSTAGE STAMPS

?

99 – 100 101 – GASP! GASP!

AAGH! YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS! I'LL STILL LICK YOU!

YAH! RASP! YE'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THAT LOT!

HEH! HEH! WRONG NOBBY, LAD! I'M FREE – FREE TO START LICKING! SNIGGER!

OH, NO!

I LOVE LICKING STAMPS!

BLAT! LICK!

SLAP!

AAGH! OOH! STOP IT! OOH! OOH!

OH, BOY! THIS IS GREAT! NOBBY WILL BE SCREAMING! HEH! HEH!

YAHOO! I LICKED HIM!

HEH! HEH! NOW I'LL BOX HIS EARS!

AAGH! WHAT NOW?

POST!

ER— EXCUSE ME, I'M FROM—

ERK!

HEH! HEH! WELL DONE, PILLAR— HE WASN'T IN THE SCRIPT, HE'D NO RIGHT TO BE HERE!

BLAT!

B-BUT, B-BUT, BURBLE!

COO! BACK FOR MORE!

ALBERT'S BEEN TRYING TO GET A WALK-ON PART FOR YEARS!

BLAT!

HEH! HEH! THIS IS THE BEST PART YET— I DATE NOBBY NOW!

AAGH! HELP! HELP! AAGH!

THUMP!

THUMP!

BAH! I GIVE UP! THEY WOULDN'T LISTEN!

AAGH! WHAT HAPPENED?

I SENT LITTLE ALBERT TO LET THEM KNOW— BUT THEY WOULDN'T LISTEN! THAT CLOT OF A LETTER THREW THE STAMPS OFF STAGE AND THEY LANDED ON ME! I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO PROJECT A THING ON TO NOBBY'S SUB CONSCIOUS SINCE THE BEGINNING!

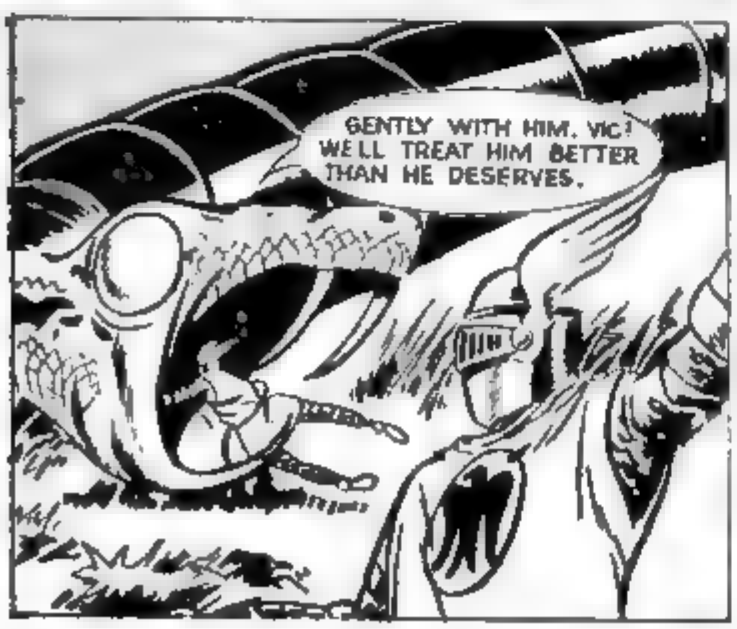
OH, NO! ALL OUR WORK WASTED!

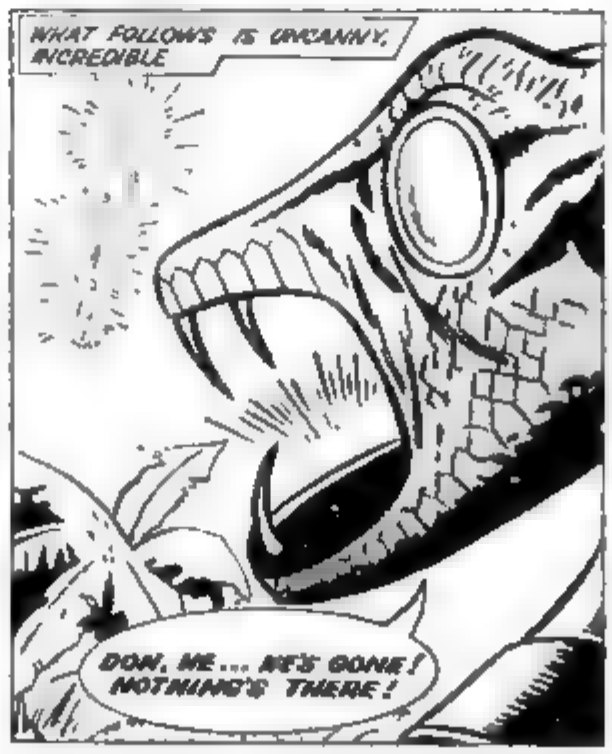
PHEW! THINGS ARE IMPROVING— THAT'S THE SHORTEST NIGHTMARE I'VE EVER HAD! IT DIDN'T EVEN GET GOING!

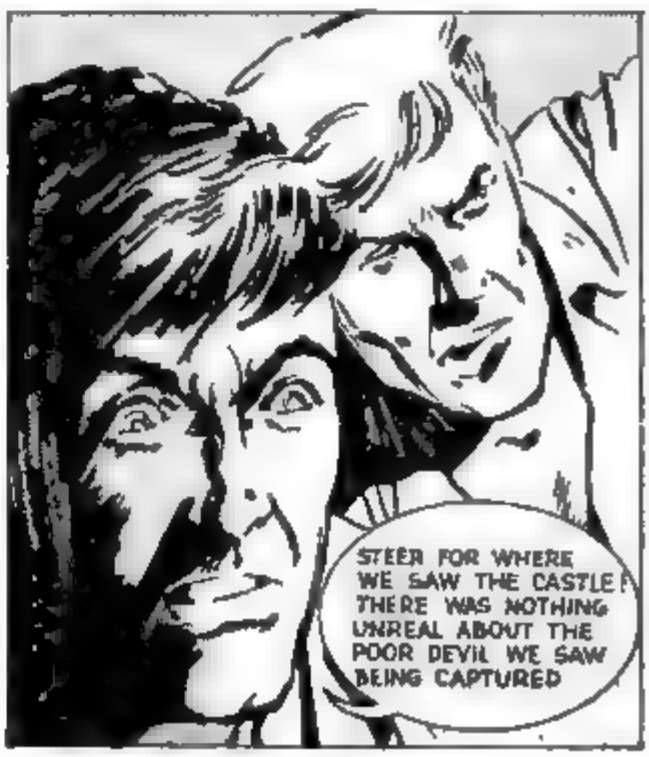
IT WOULD HAVE BEEN LONGER IF THEY'D LISTENED TO ME!

THE PYTHON

ADVENTURERS DON MASON AND VIC DAWES, USING THEIR FANTASTIC PYTHON MACHINE, LAND IN A COASTAL REGION OF AMERICAS DEEP SOUTH. THEY SEE A TERRIFIED MAN DRAGGED BY ARMOURED KNIGHTS INTO A MEDIAEVAL CASTLE. THEN DAWES AND MASON ARE ALSO ATTACKED, BUT BRING THE PYTHON BY REMOTE CONTROL....







MINUTES LATER...

THE CASTLE'S SOLID ENOUGH! PULL BORE, VIC.... WE'RE GOING IN!

ARROWS FLY, AND THE MASSIVE PORTCULLIS CRASHES DOWN.

MAYBE THEY DON'T KNOW THIS IS THE TWENTIETH CENTURY! NOW THEY'LL LEARN!

WHILE ARROWS AND MISSILES REBOUND. .

UNEASILY MASON INVESTIGATES ..

MINUTES LATER

NO DEFENDERS! ARE WE GOING OUT OF OUR MINDS?

EASY VIC .. I'D BET ON OUR SANITY. LOWER THE 'ESCAPE' ... I'M GETTING OUT!

WHAT IS IT? WHAT HAVE YOU FOUND?

THE LABORATORY COAT.... THE ONE WORN BY THE TERRIFIED MAN WE SAW CAPTURED!

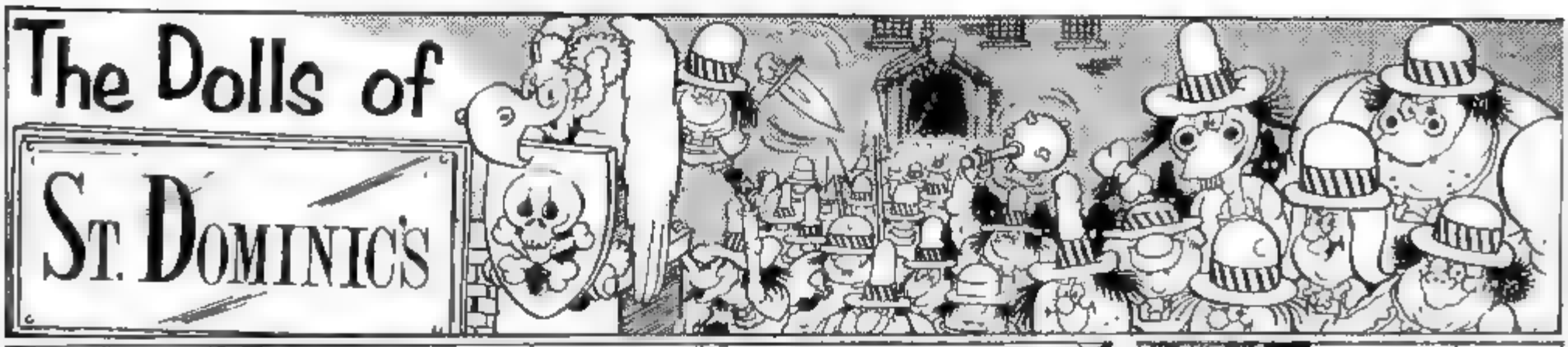
IT BELONGED TO SOMEONE NAMED KELLY ... THERE'S A NAME-TAG! ALMO .... THAT'S A CODE NAME OF A GOVERNMENT RESEARCH CENTRE.

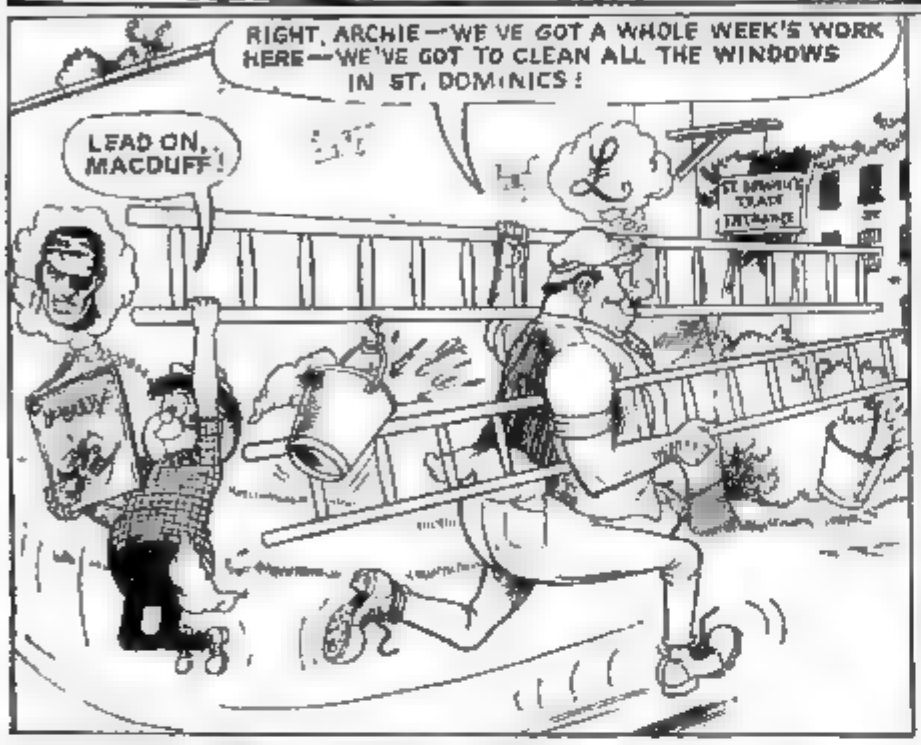
DON! DON! THERE'S A KIND OF PALE LIGHT .. THE PATH .. THE OLD TOMBS... THEY'RE ALL FADING!

HOLY OPTICS.... WE'RE BEING WATCHED! A GIANT EYE!

DON'T MISS NEXT WEEK'S THRILL-A-PIC EPISODE..!

The Dolls of St. Dominic's





YAHOO! I'M FREE! FREE AS A LITTLE DICKY BIRD!

NO MORE WINDOW CLEANING FOR ME—I'M OFF TO GET A NICE EASY JOB—LIKE A LION TAMER IN A CIRCUS! GULP!

WAY OUT

PHEW! THIS LADDER'S GETTING HEAVY! PANT! PANT!

OH NO— MORE OF THEM!

GOING SOMEWHERE LITTLE BOY?

HEH! HEH! MAR GOLD PROM SED US A BAG OF DOLLY MIXTURES IF WE CAUGHT THE LAD— AND WE HAVE!

HELP! HELP!

ER— FUNNY SORT OF A DAY, MA'AM

CLANK!

OH, NO! WHAT ARE THOSE GIRLS UP TO NOW?

GRRR! THIS NONSENSE HAS GOT TO STOP

KRUMP!

HELP! IT'S MISS B — SHE'S ON TO US!

RUN FOR IT GIRLS! GET THE JOLLY OLD LEGGIES MOVING!

SWAY

TO THE JOLLY OLD HILLS!

ZOOM!

AAGH! LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE! WE'RE FALLING!

OH DEAR! I AM SORRY BOY!

WHERE'S THAT ARCHIE? I BET HE'S HAVING CUPS OF TEA WITH THE CARETAKER AGAIN!

ER— HERE I AM, BOSS!

EEEK!

ZOK!

TCH! TCH! WHO'S GOING TO CLEAN THE WINDOWS NOW?

NAUGHTY OLD TEACHER!

HEH! HEH! I'M MIXING A LOVE POTION TO SEND TO ARCHIE IN HOSPITAL!

BAH! IT'S THE SAME EVERY MONTH!

SLOSH!

DEER JAMES BOND, HOW CAN YOU LOOK AT OTHER WIMMEN WEN YOU KNOW I'M HEER WAITING FOR YOU?

COO! HOW IS SHE GOING TO GET THAT IN AN ENVELOPE?

A Boy World GOY to Map the Blue

TEE-HEE! HURRY UP, MISS B.—WE'RE MISSING OUR LOVELY LESSONS! SNIGGER!

GLUE!

YAWN

HOPE I GET SOMEONE NICE

EVIL STENCH

HISS

ANY OFFERS, LADS?

Dear Alf and Bart,

POW is the best comic I have ever seen. I go through town to look for it every Monday. When my friends and I play spies I remember all the things that Wee Willie Haggis does and I always win.

Pat Winder,
Naas, Co. Kildare.

Och aye, the noo, Pat, so you're a wee fan of Willie! Hope you have room for your hoverhaggis in the back garden!

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

I have news for you—in the seventeenth century there was a great chief living in North America. Have a guess at his name!—can't think? Well it was Powhatan. How's that for a power-packed name, eh? I have been getting POW since it started and I thoroughly enjoy it.

R. Archer,
Wilmslow, Cheshire.

Bet ol' Powhatan didn't wear a Spidey T-shirt!

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

My Dad has made me a ladder and hung it up on a tree in our garden. This means that I can now do all sorts of Spider-Man acrobatics on it. It takes some time to learn how to hang upside down on it and swing backwards at the same time, but I can now just about do it. I am sure that I would look even more realistic if I had a Spidey T-shirt. So if my letter is printed on the POW-WOW page please could you rush me my T-shirt. All the neighbours look at me when I go up on the ladder, so I'm sure that they will look even more with me in a Spider-Man T-shirt.

Andrew Eastwood,
Gillingham, Kent.

We're sure they will, too, Andrew, but remember to be very careful when attempting any of Spidey's tricks, after all he is a little different from you or us.

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

I've done the Monday Morning chores and now I'm having a cuppa, reading POW and writing to you. Yes! I'm a MUM and what's more I've been a secret POW reader for four weeks now, ever since my nine year old son slept late on comic day and I grabbed POW from the letter box, and had an amazing eye opening fifteen minutes reading it. Now why weren't you folks around when I did my comic reading twenty years ago? I think Spidey and Nick Fury are the greatest. Much as I pride myself on being a modern Mum, I just daren't wear a Spider-Man T-shirt but I shall be proud to be seen with my son wearing one.

Mrs. D. Clough,
Riddlesden, Keighley,
Yorks.

What a life you Mums have! Sitting around all day reading Power Comics! Great!

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

Here is a suggestion for you. Why don't you make some T-shirts, but instead of putting Spider-Man or Hulk on them make them of the Power Signs as well as the main characters in POW, WHAM, SMASH, FANTASTIC and TERRIFIC.

P.S. Hope you like the drawing.

Raymond Massie,
Witney, Oxon.

We sure do, Raymond. Have any other of you Pow-pals any ideas for T-shirts? If so let's see them.

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

In POW No. 13, Dare-a-day-Davy said D. McLarnon of Newcastle Co. Durham, dared him to deliver papers to the most dreaded house in town. But Newcastle is not in Durham, I should know because I live in Durham.

Newcastle is in Northumberland.

L. Wilson,
Sunderland, Co. Durham.

Poor old Davy! He always gets in such a muddle when someone dares him—one never knows what he's going to say.

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

You think you're doing well giving Spider-Man T-shirts to the lucky readers who have their letters printed, but if somebody hated the sight of Spider-Man they would not be very grateful.

Kenneth Sedgwick,
Broxtowe, Nottingham.

We've not yet heard from anyone who doesn't like ol' web-head, Ken, so we won't worry.

Alf and Bart.

Hi there! go get SLOTTO and win a super RALEIGH cycle

SLOTTO IS GOOD NEWS

Think of the thrill of riding a Raleigh R.S.W. 'bike' this summer! Enter the easy Slotto competition, there are Raleighs for prizes each month.
Slotto is a super building toy and only 4/11d. As simple as ABC. You can make planes rockets, windmills and all kinds of models from your own ideas, and even a little village for your model cars.
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4/11

Build these exciting models with —

SLOTTO the new exciting building toy—
in the shops now!
MADE BY MORTON PRODUCTIONS LIMITED · NORTHAMPTON

GET WHAT YOU WANT!

MAKE SURE OF POW!
Fill in this coupon—and take it to your newsagent.

NAME.....

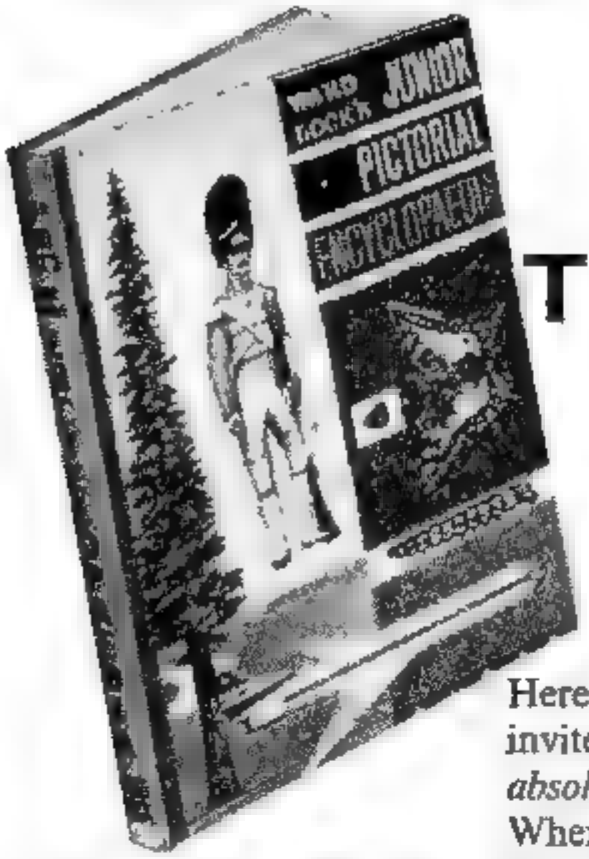
ADDRESS.....

PLEASE *DELIVER/RESERVE ME A COPY OF POW!

Signature of Parent or Guardian.....

*Delete as necessary

GREAT NEWS FOR EVERY READER OF *POW!*



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POW, June 67

Or if you wish to save time, postage and postal order costs, you may send an advance subscription, 6 months 36s.; 12 months 72s.

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NAME ..... (BLOCK LETTERS, PLEASE)

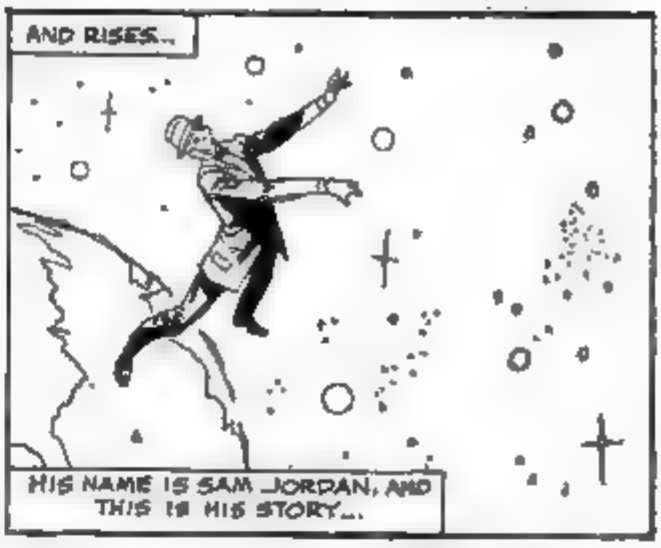
ADDRESS .....

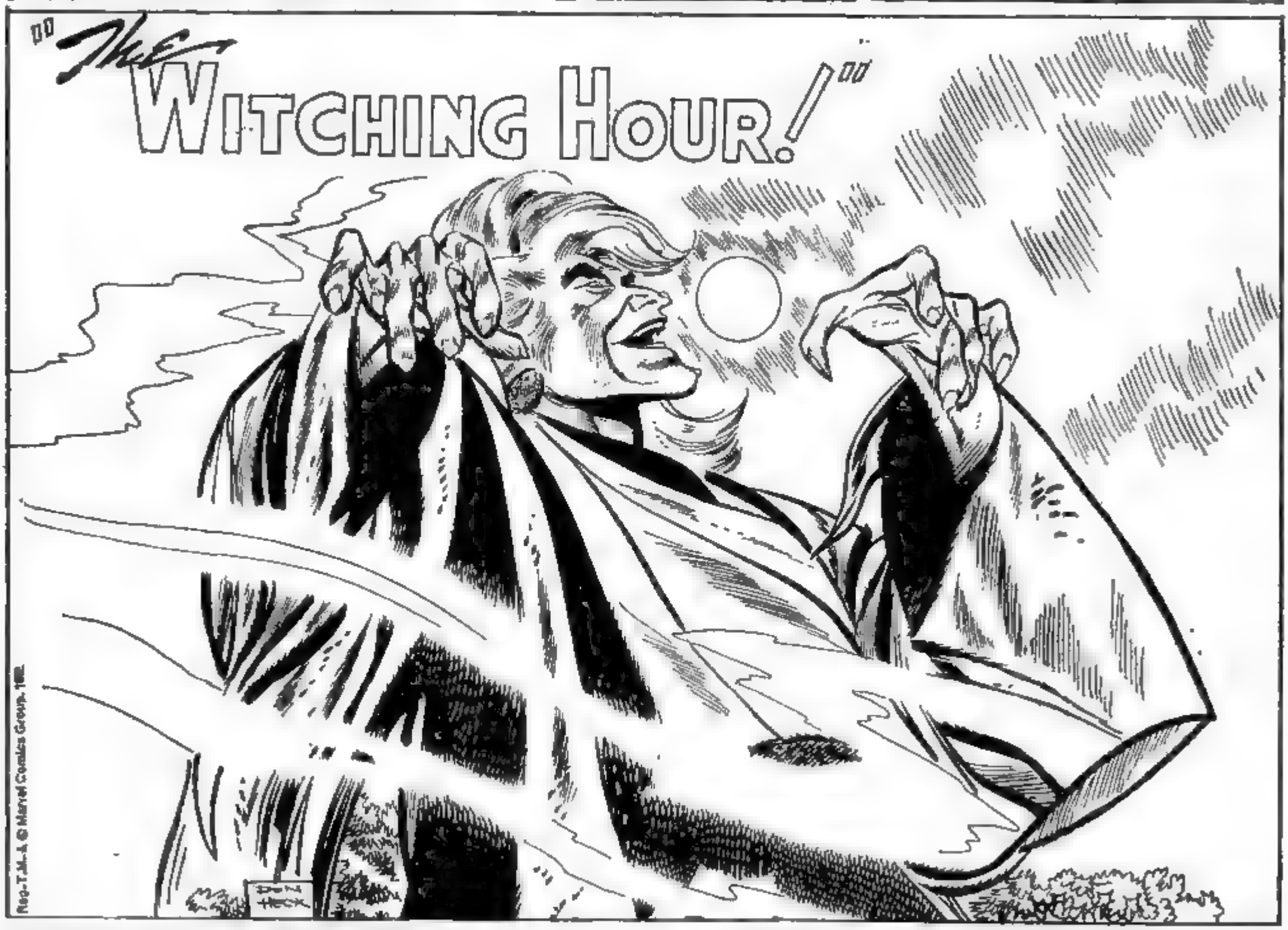
..... Parent's Signature.....

Details and rates for overseas membership on request

SOMEWHERE BEYOND THE LIMITS OF OUR WORLD, A LONE FIGURE RISES!

AND RISES...


AND RISES...
HIS NAME IS SAM JORDAN, AND THIS IS HIS STORY...


"The Witching Hour!"
Rep. T.M.-& © Marvel Comics Group, 1981

IT BEGINS IN THE MIDWESTERN UNITED STATES, WHERE THE POLICE HAVE JUST BROKEN INTO AN EMPTY FURNISHED ROOM...
WE'RE TOO LATE!
JORDAN'S GONE! ...SKIPPED OUT!

AND, AT THAT MOMENT, ON A TRAIN -- SPEEDING THROUGH EUROPE --
I WON'T RETURN TO THE STATES TILL THE HEAT'S OFF! IN THE MEANTIME, I'LL FIND A WAY TO MAKE SOME EASY DOUGH IN SOME OTHER COUNTRY!

HMMM...THAT DAME SITTING ALONE! PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS LESS SUSPICIOUS OF A GUY IF HE'S TRAVELING WITH A WOMAN!

AND SO, TO PROVIDE HIMSELF WITH A BETTER FRONT...

HOPE YOU DON'T MIND MY INTRODUCING MYSELF! I'M AN AMERICAN, AND IT'S KIND OF LONELY TRAVELLING THROUGH A STRANGE COUNTRY!

I UNDERSTAND!

MINUTES LATER--

WE'RE PULLING INTO A SMALL VILLAGE! HOW ABOUT GOING OUTSIDE AND STRETCHING OUR LEGS?

ALL RIGHT!

BOY, WHAT AN OLD-FASHIONED BURG! SAY, WHAT ARE THOSE CHARMS EVERYONE'S WEARING AROUND THEIR NECKS?

THEY ARE TO WARD OFF *WITCHES!*

ARE YOU *KIDDING?* YOU MEAN THEY STILL BELIEVE IN *WITCHES?!*

SAY... I GOT AN IDEA! I KNOW HOW WE CAN GET *RICH!*

WHERE ARE WE GOING?

WE'RE GOING TO MAKE ME A WITCH HUNTER! AND YOU..... *YOU'RE* GOING TO BE THE *WITCH!*

NOW LISTEN, ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS GO INTO THE VILLAGE AND TELL THOSE SUPERSTITIOUS JOKERS THAT YOU'RE A WITCH!

THEN I'LL COME ALONG WITH MY MAGIC GADGET AND OFFER TO DRIVE YOU FROM THEIR VILLAGE... FOR A PRICE!

THEY'LL BE SO SCARED OF YOU, THEY'LL PAY ANYTHING I ASK! AND WHATEVER WE COLLECT, I'LL SPLIT WITH YOU! OKAY?

I DO NOT KNOW... I... YES, I *CAN* USE THE MONEY... I WILL DO IT..

AND SO, FOLLOWING SAM JORDAN'S INSTRUCTIONS, THE GIRL ENTERS THE VILLAGE...

GOOD MORNING! I HAVE NOT HAD THE PLEASURE OF SEEING YOU BEFORE! FROM WHERE DO YOU COME?

I COME FROM *MANY* PLACES!

I TRAVEL AROUND A GOOD DEAL, FOR I AM A... *WITCH!*

A... A *WITCH!!*

A *WITCH*... *IN OUR VILLAGE?!*

OUR FETISHES ..OUR HEX MARKS... THEY DO NOT WARD HER OFF!

HER POWER IS TOO STRONG! WE ARE HELPLESS AGAINST HER!

WE MUST DRIVE HER AWAY, BEFORE SHE HARMS US WITH HER EVIL SPELLS!

BUT *HOW?*

AH, *AT LAST* I'VE CAUGHT UP TO YOU!

FEAR NOT, MY FRIENDS! I POSSESS THE MAGIC TO DRIVE THIS EVIL CREATURE FROM YOUR MIDST... BUT FIRST...

...FIRST YOU MUST GIVE ME HALF YOUR WEALTH! FOR I NEED THE MONEY TO REPAIR THE DAMAGE CAUSED BY THIS DEMON IN OTHER PLACES!

HALF OF ALL OUR MONEY... I... I... DO NOT KNOW!

WE *MUST* PAY THE STRANGER! IT IS WORTH *ANY* PRICE TO BE RID OF THE WITCH!

YES.. YOU ARE RIGHT! WE MUST PAY AT ONCE!

HERE IS HALF OF MY LIFE SAVINGS!

TAKE MY MONEY... ONLY SAVE ME FROM THE WITCH!

SURE, SUCKERS! WHAT A HAUL! HAHA

WITH THE MONEY SAFELY IN HIS HANDS, SAM JORDAN, GOES INTO HIS ACT...

SHE IS UNABLE TO USE HER POWERS AGAINST THE STRANGER!

BY THE WING OF A BAT... HOCUS POCUS... THE ALLIGATOR'S TAIL... GO, WITCH... GO FROM THE VILLAGE!

HIS MAGIC IS STRONGER THAN THE WITCH'S!

STAY AWAY FROM ME!

WE ARE SAVED! SAVED!

MINUTES LATER...

WELL, IT WORKED... JUST LIKE A CHARM! HA! HA! HA!

NOW YOU WILL GIVE ME MY SHARE OF THE MONEY?

YOUR SHARE?? SAM JORDAN DON'T SPLIT DOUGH WITH NO ONE, ESPECIALLY A DAME! BEAT IT!

B-BUT YOU PROMISED! YOU SAID THAT...

LOOK, I WAS JUST STRINGING YOU ALONG, SO YOU'D MAKE WITH THE ACT! BUT NOW THE ACT'S OVER! SO... GET LOST!

MAYBE YOUR ACT IS OVER... BUT NOT MINE !!

I ONLY OBEYED YOU TO SEE HOW FAR YOU WOULD GO! AND NOW...

HEY... THE SUITCASE... IT'S MOVING!!

IT'S FLOATING...

THIS IS CRAZY!! NOW I'M FLOATING TOO!

WHY DON'T I FALL?? WHY??

YOU ARE HEARTLESS AND MUST BE PUNISHED!

THE-THE MONEY! IT'S ALL FALLING BACK-- TO THE PEOPLE !!

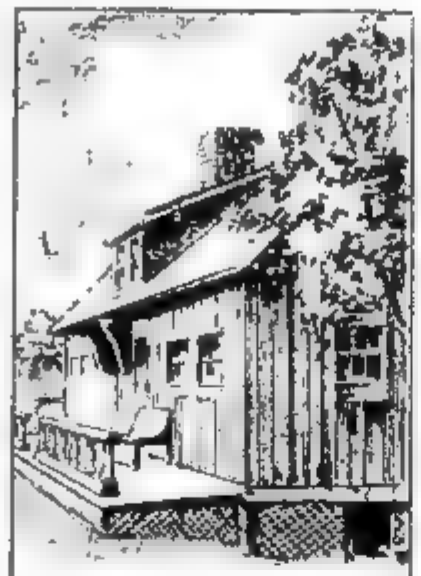
...YOU NEVER STOPPED TO CONSIDER THAT...

...MAYBE THERE REALLY WERE WITCHES ROAMING AROUND! AND NOT ALL WITCHES ARE EVIL!

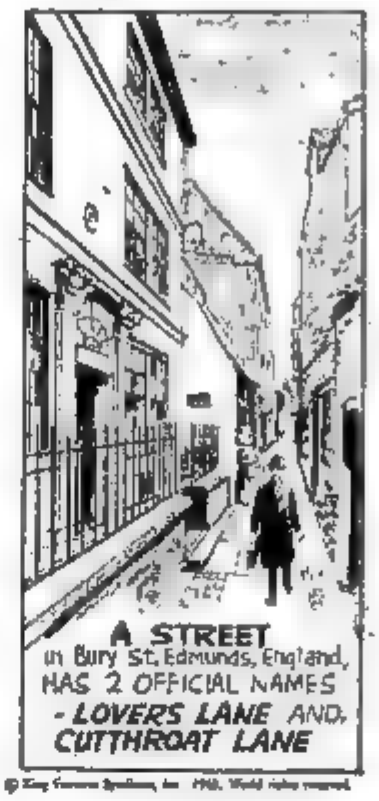
AND SO ENDS THE TALE OF SAM JORDAN.:. AT LEAST AS FAR AS WE ON EARTH ARE CONCERNED! OF COURSE, FOR POOR SAM THE STORY WILL CONTINUE... IN THE VAST, DARK REACHES OF OUTER SPACE, WHERE, IF HE'S LUCKY, HE MAY EVEN LAND ON ANOTHER PLANET SOME DAY... *IF HE SURVIVES!* *The End*

Ripley's Believe It or Not!

THE CATHEDRAL of PAVIA in Italy, BEGUN IN 1488 IS STILL UNFINISHED 479 YEARS LATER



THE NATHAN COBB COTTAGE IN ORMOND, U.S.A. WAS BUILT BY WILLIAM FAGE IN 1896 *FROM THE TIMBERS OF THE SHIPWRECKED SCHOONER "NATHAN COBB"*



A STREET in Bury St. Edmunds, England, HAS 2 OFFICIAL NAMES - *LOVERS LANE* AND *CUTTHROAT LANE*

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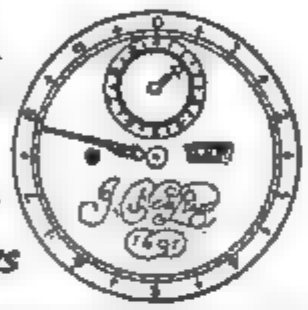
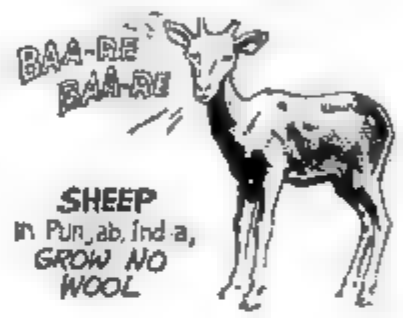
THE TWO-IN-ONE CHURCH TOWER Clare, England
THE ORIGINAL TOWER OF CLARE BECAME SO SHAKY THAT A SECOND SPIRE WAS BUILT INSIDE IT AS A SUPPORT AND THEY HAVE SO REMAINED *FOR 100 YEARS*

A CLOCK MADE in England in 1691 DIVIDED THE DAY AND NIGHT *INTO 10 HOURS EACH*



CLYDE BRANN of KANSAS, U.S.A. in 1898 OUTRAN AND CAUGHT 3 JACKRABBITS WHEN HE WAS 7 YEARS OLD.



SHEEP in Punjab, India, *GROW NO WOOL*

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

DEPARTMENT OF INFORMATION. Have you noticed how we gracefully surrendered to all the frantic fans who have been clamouring for more pages of fun? We would have done it before, but we didn't want to settle for anything less than something rather special. Then, two weeks ago, along came "The Cloak" and we just had to make room for him in POW or spend the rest of our lives feeling guilty about not letting you know about him. "The Cloak" is drawn and scripted by brilliant new-comer Mike Higgs. Marvellite Mike comes from Birmingham—and he'll be going a long way. "The Cloak" is the first strip he's ever had published, but you don't need us to tell you that it won't be the last.

TWENTY FRANTIC FOLLOWERS . . .

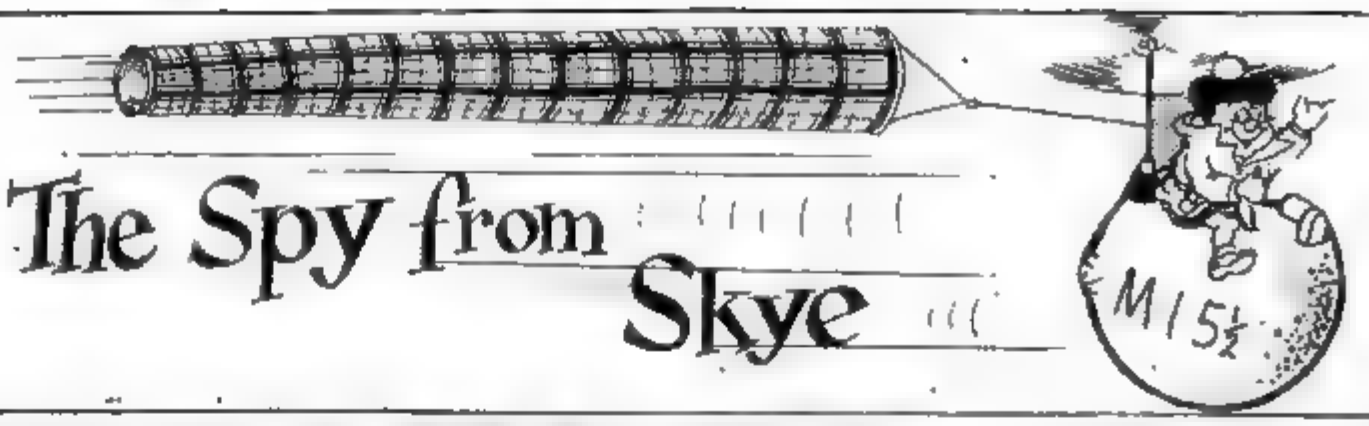
Linda Savage, Morden, Surrey; Roger Barnden, Palmers Green, London; David Powell, Hinckley, Leics, James Rawlings, Crowborough, Sussex; Jeremy Hendon, Harlow, Essex, Valerie Egan, Dublin, Ireland; Keith Charlesworth, R.A.F. Wyton, Hants; David Clark, Colchester, Essex; Christopher Copp, Exeter, Devon; Andrew Goding, Eastbourne, Sussex, Alistair Meike, Dorchester, Dorset; James Percy, Hampstead, London, Timothy Hamilton, Harrogate, Yorks; Nigel Hamson, Huddersfield, Peter Bloke, Gosport, Hants, Adrian Carp, Taunton, Somerset; John Lyle, Wolverhampton, Staffs, Ferenc Aszmann, Herne Hill, London, John Hammond, Portsmouth, Hants; David Byrom, Wetherby, Yorks.

We've had an S.O.S. from Tony Roche of 2 St. John's Park, Mountown, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin, Ireland. (Hope we got the spelling right, Tony, because we had difficulty with your letter. What did you write with—an inky spider?) Two or three months back Tony had a letter published in one of our Power columns and he talked about his fanzine. He's asked us to make it clear that this is his own publication and that anyone who wants a copy must write to him direct. There you are, Tony—we've done it, we've made ourselves feel all good.

Believe it or not we're still receiving letters from girl fans who've got the mistaken idea that they're the only members of the female sex who are Power fans! Fact is, about a quarter of all the letters we receive are from girls. We often wonder which of our handsome heroes you girls would vote top of the pin-up parade—if we ever had a poll. We have a sneaking suspicion that the character who'd net most votes would be Sub-mariner. But we've been wrong before —especially when we try to read a woman's mind!

WEE WILLIE HAGGIS

The Spy from Skye



SOMEWHERE OVER RUSSIA, WEE WILLIE HAGGIS APPEARS TO HAVE HAD HIS PIE BEANS AND CHIPS—HIS FACE IS COVERED IN CSAR KASM DIABOLICAL MINSK PIE AND THE DETONATING BEANS ARE WHIZZING TOWARDS HIM AT A FIENDISH SPEED.

FIENDS! FIENDS! LOOK WHAT THE FIENDS HAVE DONE TO ME!

SICK SMILE

ZOOM!

I'LL PLAY MY LAST FAREWELL ON MA BONNIE WEE BAGPIPES!

WAIL!

SCREECH!

ANY MINUTE NOW!

TURN

AAGH! ZE SCOTTISH TWIT—HE'S TURNED BACK ZE BEANS!

SO I HAVE! CLEVER WEE ME!

ZOOM!

GRR! NOW TO FIX CSAR KASM AND HIS LADS BEFORE THEY CAN SEND UP MORE DIABOLICAL BEANS

ZOOM!

AAGH! WHO LEFT THAT BLINKING CANNON THERE?

NO NO! ZE FOOL—HIS EYES MUST BE FULL OF ZE MINCE!

BY ROB ROY'S HAIRY KNEES, YE WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS—LET ME OUT!

CANNON BAWL!

HEH! HEH! ZIS WILL KEEP HIM OUT OF ZE MISCHIEF!

THUD!

FIRST WE POUR IN ZE MINCE—

COO! I ALWAYS WONDERED WHY ZEY PUT HOLES IN ZE PIES.

WEE WILLIE ISN'T BEATEN YET—NOT AS LONG AS I HAVE MA BONNIE WEE BAGPIPES!

INSIDE THE CANNON

BEAN

NOW I POP ZE DETONATING BEAN DOWN ZE TOUCH HOLE—AND ZE SPY FROM SKYE GOES SKY HIGH! HEH! HEH!

SPLAT!

AAGH!

HEH! HEH! FIRST WEE BLOW TO ME!

WHOOSH!

JET BLAST

AND THAT'S GOT RID OF HIM!

THUMP!

WHOOSH!

THE MINSK PIES MUST BE KEPT IN THE CSAR'S PALACE— I'VE GOT TO FIND THEM AND DESTROY THEM BEFORE THOSE TWO TWERPS RECOVER FROM THE SHOCK!

FUME

THERE MUST BE A WHACKING GREAT PANTRY IN HERE— IT CAN'T BE EASY TO HIDE A COUPLE OF MILLION MINSK PIES!

'!' GASP!

GOING ZE SOMEWHERE, MY LITTLE MAN?

AAGH! IT'S CATHERINE THE PATE SHE MUST HAVE TEAMED UP WITH THE CSAR!

FILE

YOU'LL ALWAYS FIND TROUBLE WHERE THERE'S A WOMAN!

COME ALONG I WILL SHOW YOU YOUR ROOM!

THOSE BOOTS WERE MADE FOR KICKING!

AAGH! IT'S THE TORTURE ROOM!

OF COURSE—YOU CAN STRETCH OUT IN HERE!

AAGH! I DON'T WANT THIS KIND OF STRETCH!

BUT I DO! HEH! HEH!

I NEED THE EXERCISE!

FIRST I STRETCH ZE FOOL UNTIL HE IS ABOUT TWENTY FEET LONG, THEN I PAINT HIM RED AND USE HIM AS A RED FLAGPOLE!

SIMPER

TURN!

YE CANNA! 'LL BE C-C-COLD! MA KILT WILL BE WAY ABOVE MY WEE HAIRY KNEES!

S-T-R-E-T-C-H!

STRETCH

DON'T MISS NEXT WEEK'S THRILLING INSTALMENT!

NICK FURY, AGENT OF S.H.I.E.L.D.!

SUPREME HEADQUARTERS INTERNATIONAL ESPIONAGE LAW-ENFORCEMENT DIVISION!

OPERATION: "BRAIN BLAST!"

PART 2 OF THIS SEARING SENSATIONAL SAGA!

OLD EYE-PATCH FURY HAS CAUSED THE EVIL HYDRA TO ASSASSINATE ITS OWN LEADER. THAT WOULD BE ENOUGH TO EARN MOST MEN A REST, BUT NICK IS PROMPTLY CALLED TO H.Q. ... TO TAKE PART IN "THE BIGGEST THING SHIELD HAS EVER TRIED"!..

AIDED BY THE *BRAINWAVE STIMULATOR* BEHIND YOU YOU WILL NOW ATTEMPT TO HURL YOUR THOUGHTS AT *COLONEL FURY*, WHO WILL BE ARRIVING AT ANY MOMENT!

HERE IN MY HAND IS A FULLY-LOADED *ROCKET PISTOL*..!

YOU CAN SENSE HOW *DANGEROUS* IT IS...!

WHEN THE DIRECTOR OF SHIELD ENTERS THIS ROOM, I SHALL TAKE AIM AND *FIRE* AT HIM! ONLY BY YOUR *THOUGHTS* CAN YOU WARN HIM! NOW... *PROCEED!*

NOW WHAT'S GOIN' ON?? THEY DIDN'T EVEN GIMME A CHANCE TO GRAB SOME GRUB! TOLD ME I'M NEEDED HERE AT *ONCE!* LOOKS LIKE A *COSY COSTUME PARTY!*

SUDDENLY, NICK FURY REELS BACK, STRUCK BY A JOLTING SENSATION OF *ALARM!* EVERY FIBRE OF HIS BEING SEEMS TO TREMBLE AS HE WHIPS OUT HIS GUN ...!

SOMETHING'S *HAPPENING* TO ME! ..HITTING MY *BRAIN!!!* CAN'T *SEE* IT... CAN'T *FIGHT* IT..!

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group.

QUICK! GET THE *SCRAMBLE HELMET* ON HIM!

"THE TEST *WORKED!* THE "THINKERS" WARNED HIM BEFORE HE COULD REACH THE DOOR!

I *STILL* SAY IT'S S ONE HECK OF A WAY TO GREET THE *BOSS!*

YOU'LL BE OKAY, NOW COLONEL! THAT *SCRAMBLE HELMET* WILL SHIELD YOU FROM THE ALARM WAVES!

SCRAMBLE HELMET?? *ALARM WAVES??* YOU BETTER START *EXPLAINING*, MISTER, WHILE YOU STILL *CAN!*

IT'S OUR NEW E.S.P. DIVISION, SIR! THEY WANTED TO *IMPRESS* YOU WITH A DEMONSTRATION! IT'S THE BIGGEST THING *SHIELD'S* EVER TRIED!

WE CALL IT *OPERATION BRAIN-BLAST!*

THAT'S JUST A FANCY NAME FOR *MIND READIN'!!!*

BUT, THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY, *ANOTHER* BRAIN RECEIVES THE SAME ALARM WAVE! THE EVIL, SCHEMING BRAIN OF ONE WHO HAD *BEEN* AN AGENT OF SHIELD... BUT IS NOW..IN *HIDING!*

THAT SENSATION... IT CAN ONLY MEAN *ONE THING*....

SHIELD IS *CONTINUING* WITH *OPERATION BRAIN-BLAST!*

THEY FOUND *OTHERS* TO REPLACE ME!

FRANTICALLY FIGHTING AGAINST THE PAIN AND SHOCK, HE REACHES FOR A *SCRAMBLE HELMET* OF HIS OWN DESIGN, WHICH SITS ATOP A BUREAU...

I THOUGHT THEY'D *HAVE* TO TAKE ME BACK AGAIN... SOONER OR LATER! THOUGHT THEY COULDN'T GO ANY FURTHER WITHOUT ME!

BUT I WAS *WRONG!* THE ALARM WAVES ARE *STRONGER* THAN EVER!

I WAS BORN WITH THE POWER TO PROJECT THE THOUGHTS I RECEIVE INTO *IMAGES!* I WORKED TO DEVELOP, TO *MASTER* THAT POWER...

THEN I JOINED *SHIELD!* I TRIED TO USE MY POWER TO GAIN CONTROL... BUT, THEY CAUGHT ON TO ME... I *ESCAPED* FROM THEM JUST IN TIME..!

BY USING MY POWER TO WARN ME WHEN THEY GET CLOSE, I'VE REMAINED HIDDEN FROM THEM... SO FAR! BUT NOW, THEY'RE TRYING TO *DUPLICATE* MY POWER... WITH *MACHINES!*

NOW I KNOW I CAN WAIT NO LONGER! I MUST *STRIKE BACK* AT SHIELD! I MUST *DESTROY* THEM, BEFORE THEY CAN FIND A DEFENCE AGAINST ME!

ALL I NEED DO IS RELAX.. LET MY MIND GO BLANK...

..UNTIL IT FINDS THE ONE I SEEK...!

THERE HE IS!..THE ONE WHOM THE POLICE CALL *THE FIXER!* THERE IS NOTHING HE CANNOT MAKE...OR FIX..!

BY STEALING COMMONPLACE PRISON OBJECTS, HE HAS *MAGNETIZED* HIS CELL BED...BUT, WHAT IS HE DOING *NOW?*

OF *COURSE!* HE'S FASHIONED A MAKESHIFT *GAS MASK* AND *GOGGLES!* HE'D LONG BOASTED THAT *NO* JAIL CAN HOLD ONE WITH *HIS* TALENT FOR *FIXING* THINGS!

NOW HE'S RIPPED OPEN THE MATTRESS! HE'S PUTTING ON SOME STOLEN *RUBBER SHEETING!*

HE SEEMS SO UNHURRIED.. SO *SURE* OF HIMSELF! IF HE REALLY *CAN* ESCAPE, THEN HE'S JUST THE MAN I'M LOOKING FOR!

HAD HE NOT TURNED CRIMINAL, HE MIGHT HAVE BECOME ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST *INVENTORS*... RIVALLING *TONY STARK* HIMSELF! HIS TECHNICAL KNOWLEDGE IS ALMOST BEYOND BELIEF!

BENEATH THAT STOOL-COVER... HE'S CREATED AN INTRICATE STEERING AND FIRING MECHANISM!

I CANNOT BE *SURE*, BUT HE SEEMS TO BE MAKING SOME SORT OF *FLYING DEVICE!*

BUT... HOW CAN HE EVER GET IT OUT OF A *LOCKED CELL?!?*

THE MAGNETIZED BED... WHICH HE HAD PLACED AGAINST THE WALL... IT CONTAINED FOUR HOMEMADE *DETONATOR CAPS!*

NOW THAT A PORTION OF THE WALL IS LOOSE, THE BED'S MAGNETIC LEGS, ATTRACTED BY THE CELL DOOR'S *BARS*, ARE PULLING THE ENTIRE SECTION AWAY...!

AND, THE CONVERTED *STOOL*, MODIFIED INTO A GIGANTIC *SKY-ROCKET*, IS ABLE TO ZOOM OUT THROUGH THE OPENING BEFORE HE CAN BE STOPPED!

HE'S FLOWN OUT OF RANGE! HE *MADE* IT!

HE'S ALMOST TWO THOUSAND FEET HIGH! BUT, HOW WILL HE GET SAFELY *DOWN* AGAIN?

THE SECTION OF *SHEET* WHICH HE HAD ROLLED AROUND THE EDGE OF THE STOOL... IT'S UNFURLING NOW, AS THE ROCKET'S SPEED IS SLACKENING...

THE *FIXER* WAS TRUE TO HIS WORD! NO JAIL COULD HOLD HIM!

WHAT A *TEAM* WE SHALL MAKE! WITH MY *BRAIN*, THERE CAN BE NO *SECRETS* FROM ME! I CAN SEE EVERYTHING... LEARN ANYTHING! EVEN *SHIELD* WILL BE HELPLESS TO COPE WITH ME!

AND THE *FIXER* SHALL FASHION ME *WEAPONS*.. WEAPONS SUCH AS THE WORLD HAS NEVER *DREAMED* OF! TOGETHER, WE CAN *RULE MANKIND!*

MEANWHILE, AT SHIELD HQ, FURY'S BRIEFING CONTINUES...

IN A NUTSHELL, COLONEL, WE'RE TRYING TO CREATE A DEFENCE AGAINST A MAN WHO CAN GENUINELY *READ MINDS*... WHO CAN KNOW WHAT WE'RE DOING, WHAT WE'RE PLANNING, AT ANY SECOND!

BUT WHY WASTE YOUR TIME? THERE *AIN'T* ANY SUCH ANIMAL!

UNFORTUNATELY, COLONEL FURY, YOU'RE *MISTAKEN!* SUCH A ONE *DOES* EXIST!

WHAT?! HOW DO YOU *KNOW??* WHERE *IS* HE? I WANT TO *SEE* HIM!

WE'D LIKE TO SEE HIM, TOO! HE *WORKED* FOR US, BRIEFLY... WE DIDN'T SUSPECT HIS POWER... UNTIL HE HAD *ESCAPED!* NOW, WE CANNOT *FIND* HIM!

YOU MEAN YOU LET HIM GET *AWAY!*

IF HE'S WHAT YOU *SAY*, HE'S THE MOST DANGEROUS GUY IN THE *WORLD!*

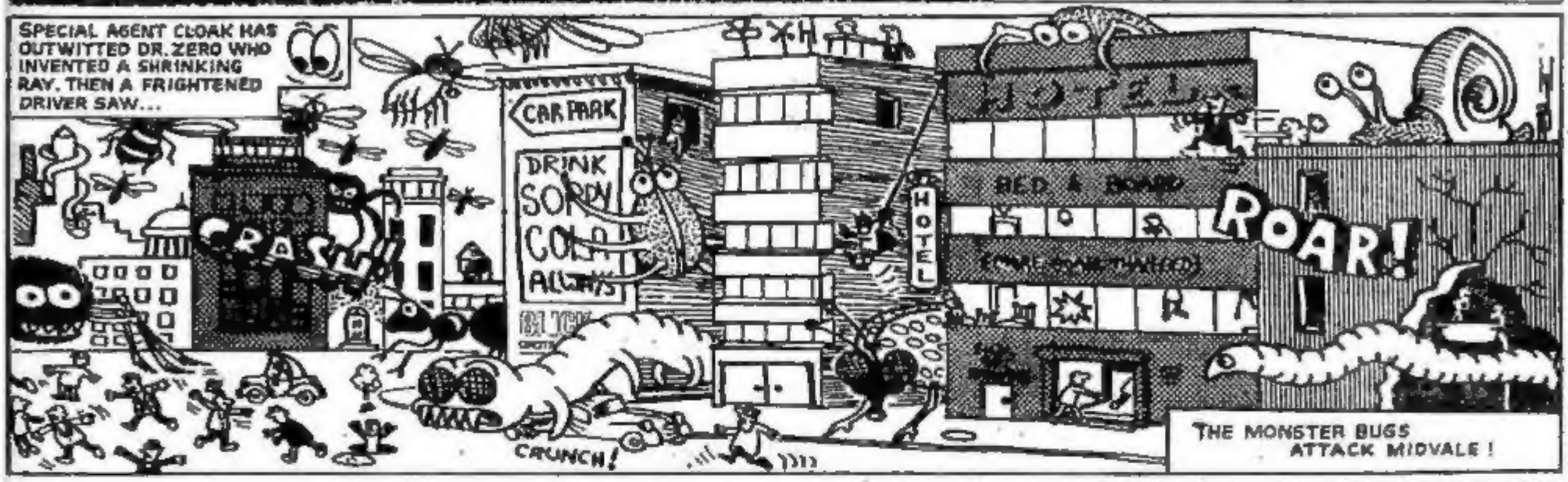
NO ONE COULD KEEP ANY *SECRETS* FROM HIM! NO ONE COULD TRAP HIM.. OR TAKE HIM BY SURPRISE! HE COULD *DESTROY SHIELD*... SINGLE-HANDED!

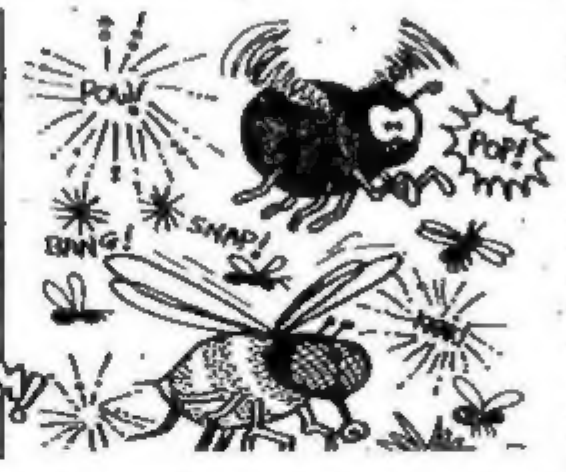
ONE MAN, WITH THE MOST AWESOME POWER OF ALL... TEAMED UP WITH ***ANOTHER***, WHOSE INGENUITY DEFIES BELIEF! CAN TWO SUCH AS THESE SUCCEED WHERE THE HORDES OF ***HYDRA*** HAVE FAILED?

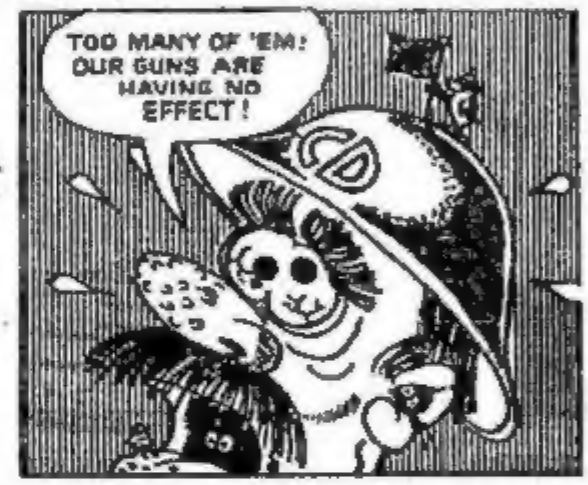
LET'S FIND OUT TOGETHER... NEXT ISH!

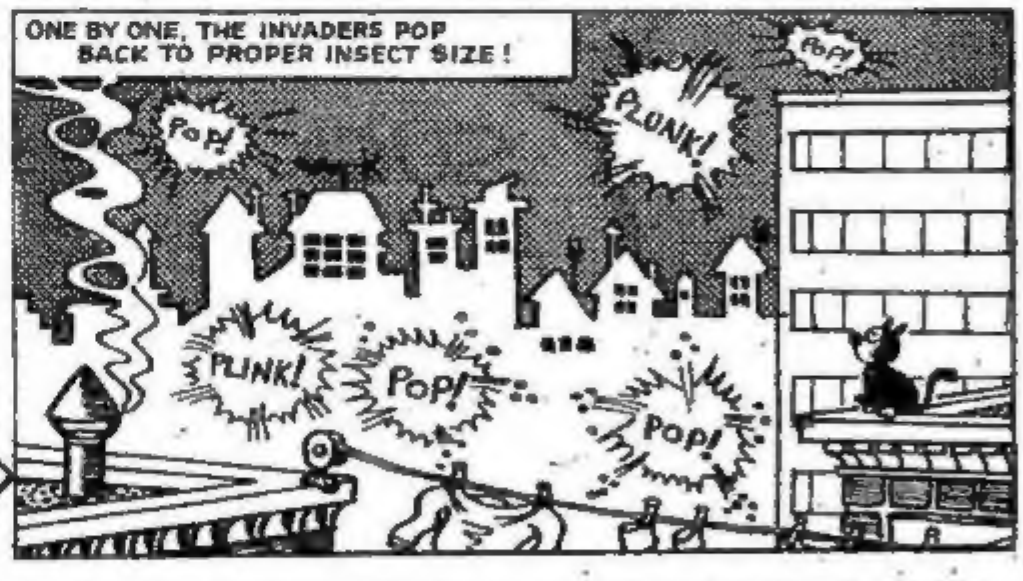
PRIORITY A-1

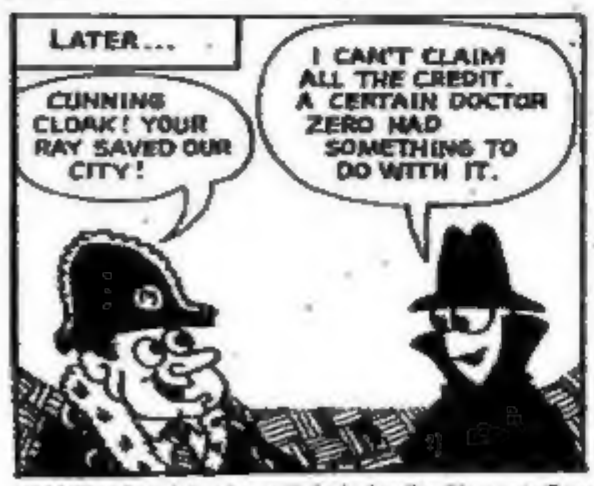
THE CLOAK v Dr. ZERO

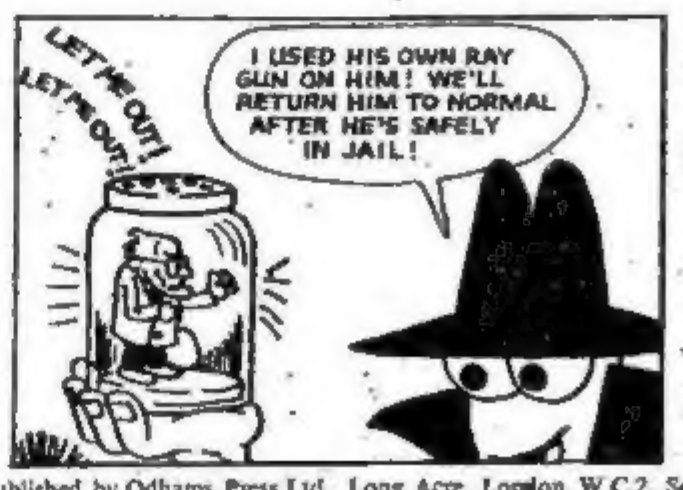












NEXT WEEK: *The WOLFMAN STRIKES!!*

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Dare-a-day DAVY

SEND HIM A DARE ON A P.C. TO:- DARE-A-DAY DAVY "POW" 64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. -AND IF DAVY TAKES ON YOUR DARE, YOU WIN ONE POUND.

DAVY'S WILL POWER!

RIGHT, PAL! Y'KNOW THE SCRAPES THESE DARES GET ME INTO!- SO AS SOON AS I'VE READ THIS ONE, I'M BANKING ON YOU TO TALK ME OUT OF IT!

OKAY?

GOSH! IT'S AN INVITATION TO COME TO A PARTY FROM A STEPHEN MILLIGAN OF LONDON, S.E.20. HIS DARE SAYS:

ZIP

BAM

-I DARE YOU TO JUMP OFF A 30 FT. BUILDING, INTO A BUCKET OF WATER!

WHEE-EE-

LIKE THIS, I GUESS!

SQUELCH

(WILLIE)

EEK!

WILLIE!! HELP ME!

WILLIE'S INDISPOSED AT THE MOMENT.

BOING! GASP!

IN THAT CASE, WHERE'S A BUCKET?

30 MINUTES LATER--AT THE FOOT OF THE 30FT HIGH TOWN HALL---

NOW WHERE ARE THE STAIRS?

FOUR FLIGHTS LATER--

COO! AREN'T I BRAVE!

POOR LAD!- HE OBVIOUSLY GOT A SCHOOL REPORT LIKE I USED TER GET!!

KEEP HIM TALKING WHILE I PHONE THE FIRE BRIGADE!

MEANWHILE- CLOSE BY THE BUCKET-

LOOK, TIM! I'VE DRAWED MARY'S LICKLE LAMB!

M-M-M! WHAT WILL ME DWOR?

WHILE AMONGST THE CROWD-

WHAT'S GOING ON? I'M RATHER SHORT-SIGHTED AND A BIT DEAF!

WELL, THERE'S A MAD KID UP THERE ABOUT TO JUMP INTO A BUCKET OF WATER!

WHAT? THE TOWN HALL ROOF ALIGHT-- AND EVERYBODY STANDING IDLE WITH A BUCKET OF WATER ON THE SPOT!! AT LEAST I KNOW WHERE MY DUTY LIES!

B-BUT!!

HAH-HA-R! "CHICKEN" AM I? BUCKET! HERE I COME!

GANGWAY! I INTEND TO DO MY DUTY TO THE COMMUNITY AND KEEP THE FLAMES IN CHECK UNTIL THE ARRIVAL OF OUR FIRE BRIGADE! CHARGE!!!

GRAB

I RECKON THIS IS WHERE I CAN BLOW.

LOOK! ME DWORED JACK AND JILL'S PAIL OF WATER!

A Bucket of Water

SUDDENLY- AT 60 M.P.H.-

WHIZZZ

GOLLY-GUMDWOPS! I'M ONLY FOUR BUT- I WOULDN'T DO A SILLY THING LIKE DAT!

NOR ME! AND ME ONLY FREE!

CRUMP

A Bucket of Water

LATER- IN THE LOCAL INFIRMARY-

I'LL KILL 'EM! I'LL KILL 'EM ALL!

TRACE THE FOLLOWING PEOPLE AND PROVIDE THEM WITH PROTECTION: WILLIAM POWER ESQ. TWO CHARACTERS HE KEEPS REFERRING TO AS ALF AND BART AND ABOVE ALL A STEPHEN MILLIGAN OF LONDON, S.E.20.

BANG

CRACK

BUT I'LL BE FIT TO TAKE ON ANOTHER DARE NEXT WEEK- I HOPE!

LESLIE CROWTHER SAYS:

SUCK IT AND SEE- IT'S MAGIC!

NEW MIGHTY MAGIC

Wall's

WIZ

NOW BANANA OUTSIDE- NEW TOFFEE INSIDE!

First, lots of smooth banana-flavoured ice cream. Mmmm-marvellous! Then, a gorgeous great chunk of chewy toffee to make it last *so much longer!* ***AND*** A TERRIFIC MAGIC TRICK ON EVERY PACK!

THERE ARE LOTS OF SUPER TRICKS TO LEARN- TRY THIS ONE ON YOUR FRIENDS

MYSTERIOUS MOVING PENCIL

1. Lay a round pencil on the top of a clear table or similar flat surface. **2.** Rub index finger vigorously on your sleeve (to your friends it will appear that you're building up a strange magnetic force!) **3.** Now advance your finger slowly and carefully towards the pencil. **4.** As your finger approaches the pencil, lean well over, take a deep breath and blow downwards as silently as you can so your friends won't guess your secret. And Hey Presto! the pencil will 'run away' from your advancing finger as if by magic!